Ordinarium...fortasse.

Ordinaire...peut-être.

A short story

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There are no truths, except the ones we give to reality, and there is no reality, except the one we perceive with our most courageous forms of imagination.Many of us exist, but very few live.So what are you? An existing entity condemned to social determinism? Or a living, adventurous soul? The answer itself never matters, for we all equal to death.

This is something written by a concept… as God often does.

Note:

This book was written in three days, edited, and proofread in two. It is as fictional... as much as you may consider it. Any resemblance to real persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

Chapitre I: Birth

Day I: Rabat

What makes a tale worth writing anyways? Is it how realistic and prolific it may appear to the reader? How poetic and unusual it is? Or simply, how deeply can get inside another's "soul"? I am not here to answer these questions. Since I am only writing out of a need for self-recognition, pleasure, and closure. The "I" itself is nothing but a composition of historical stories and expectations. I declare authenticity, as the center of all my writing, but this word itself is obsolete. Would that make my text too?

I remember the moon, the wind, the hoodie I was wearing, the hall, the class, the human bigotry, and him. He was the saddest thing I'd ever met. I couldn't believe he was alive, and how no one could tell how fucked up he was. I remember his sleepy eyes filled with pain and disappointment, as also his obvious helplessness, I was mesmerized by how far a demolished man can go to maintain his normal life. Was it a sort of manly pride, or simply pathetic inherent retardation? "No crying".I was always a great defender of strength, for life doesn't wait for anyone. However, I had the greatest compassion for him. For I am the exception to modern capitalist humans, one of the last dreamers on earth. We're getting blinded by the criteria of the system, so we can't see how sad and miserable people are while operating as ambitious proud slaves.
Thus, that was him: a great intelligent slave working on a competition, and this was me: a collection of smells and ideas. We met at night, with the other team member who will dump us later, so he can sleep.
As for any exceptional students, we had to organize everything before the morning of the competition, we had only a few hours, but so many surprises. The fact is...that it was fun. We had very interesting conversations, I remember the one about bacteria, illustrating how can a market grow with the same logic a bacteria propagate: exponentially. We were developing the necessary bullshit to convince the jury that our project is exceptional, creative, and profitable. But actually, it was pure excrement. I was never convinced from the very beginning, nor the respectful great slave, who apparently used to do all the work by himself.

At a moment of childish excitement, I suggested that each one of us flip a coin to decide whether he'll spend the night working on that, or he would be asleep-and by necessity abandon the competition-.Now I don't remember the order, but I remember that I was the last one to flip it, and hilariously enough, No one got liberated. We were condemned to work on that stupid project the whole night...by the name of fate. But this is not what happened.

Around midnight, The third of us decided to sleep. So I was setting there, with no actual utility since I didn't have my laptop, Why? That's another story. I was about to leave, but just before that, I looked at him and said: "You better sleep, if you keep staying up late at night, your heart's gonna fall apart, then you simply die."...he smiled, and we had a small normal talk I can't remember, "I wish I could go home to finish this." I said...then we continued talking a little bit...suddenly he started collecting his things..."Where are you going?" I asked, "I'm gonna walk you over to your home.."."You serious?"..."absolutely, I was thinking about taking a walk anyway."
3:00 am. We're out in the streets of Rabat, doing nothing but two things: walking and talking (which won't be ended only after three days.).Talking about everything that humans produced: physics, mathematics, people, technologies, the universe, family, God, the weather, the moon, psychology, sociology, language, philosophy...everything we could mention and analyze...till 7:00 am. Before we're out, I remember that I unintentionally stole a cup from the residence and filled it with meat, which was my part of dinner that I share with him later while walking, since we were - evidently- starving.
At a moment he opened his bag, and brought out two juices and some biscuits: "I had the feeling that I was going to meet someone, that's why I bought two." And that was a lie of course. A justified lie to make the situation romantically magical. But that was "Abtal", So a very tiny space was left for the magic to exist.* However, it did.

Question: why didn't I go home as planned instead of spending all these hours lurking around with a stranger I knew a few hours ago?
Answer: because our conversation never got to its end. And I am someone who never leaves an open conversation behind.

But there was something more abstract about the whole situation, we both were driven by a non-tangible need of being heard, and connected somehow. But even with all those thousands of words that were spoken from both sides, an infinite distance between our minds seemed to dominate no matter how close we try to get. It was a journey based on an eternal feeling of alienation. Simple childish curiosity, and a great amount of incomprehension.
The emptiness of the world at night was an inspiration. An inspiration to be an unlimited being capable of truly seeing how spectacular everything that happens in the mornings was: The people, the cars, the sounds, and the grumbling faces driving to a work they don't like for affording a life they never really wanted... -and as following- the absurdity of our greatest sorrows, as a youth.

7:00 am: only a little time is left to get the job done for the competition. We sat in a bus station: he looked at me with a loving passionate insane look- he will often use later- and said: "what about quitting and traveling instead? it's already too late" ...I was surprised...then I said: "don't challenge me."..."I am serious."..."Okay then, let's flip a coin."

Chapitre II: Evolution

Day II: Tanger

The story behind the coins is simple. I consider myself a non-dramatic person with a fair amount of rationalism...but at the same time, I am a great cinephile. So I like creating dilemmas of meaning constantly, and that's basically manifested in the simple details, that will shape probably the greatest and the most bizarre decisions about my life. I live on this: rationalizing the absurd.
I do not consider the existentialist approach as the basis of my philosophy, since it becomes spectacular at a certain moment when there is no liberty shown on the edge. I am against stagnancy. For continuous grumbling about contradictions, and mainly for meekness as self-abasement. I praise morality, but the question is which one?

8:00 am: we're on the train TGV: "the great voyage", leaving everything behind, all the people waiting for our show, our duties, and responsibilities. Driven by the most wonderful feeling on earth: liberation. In fact, that coin liberated us somehow from the obligation of systematic social life. That morning, we were free. Boundlessly free.Two wild souls capable of exploring the universe by generating major happiness as their essential gasoline...Thinking of nothing but the enormous pleasure caused by a simple coin that offered an affirmative response to our most insane calls. Some might say that this is just a childish irresponsible move, I don't necessarily disagree. But the boldness it took to abandon that competition and travel, is probably bigger than the one to do the inverse.
It takes courage to take risks and experience the most beautiful sensations. And courage is rare these days.

So by that...we disappeared. Stopped answering our phones, and embraced the beauty of our emerged conscious Je m'enfoutisme.
With all our psychological scars and undeclared sorrows, we were strong. The strongest passionate souls ever existed within an academic environment dominated by rules, idols, and fools.

A reconstruction of memory: his black hoodie, the cold wind, the smell of the beach, my sunglasses, the soft sunlight touching my lips and nose, the beggar, my black coat, the dark circles around his eyes, the taste of a well-cooked croissant avec la crème pâtissière, the Gothic design of the city, the big stones of the port, et une chatte.

11:11 am: We're having an elegant breakfast in an elegant café. We kept discussing with the same spirit and interest we maintained the whole night. But the conversation was evolving towards a certain subjectivity. A certain convergence seemed to emerge from that intellectual mess.

We exposed ourselves to each other as a combination of past stories and future desires. As dreamers, thinkers, and assholes. Since we were aware of our inborn imperfections. It was "honesty"-I guess- that made the narrative smooth and amusing. There is a pleasure in discovering one another, especially when combined with a collection of beautiful circumstances and pictures. Everything was in the perfect context to emphasize the chemistry flowing around. We walked a lot, visited many places...but I can't remember the names. It was my first time in Tanger, a great city with a sophisticated history. It contains a lot of diversity, which is the ultimate key to generating ideas that matter.

3:00 pm: we're eating fish beside the different sizes of boats in the port. The general temper was refreshing. I remember the taste of that exact pink mushy shrimp inside my mouth as if I never tasted something that delicious in my life before. For an instant, I closed my eyes and listened carefully to everything that was happening around me: the sounds of chewing, the birds, the screams of children inside the restaurants, my heartbeat, and the clatter of a machine.

A million minutes later, would he remember the look on my face when we were meditating the cave of Héraclius and imagining the possibility of transforming such heritage into a comfortable inspiring home? My speech about the Greek myth and how places are inevitably related to intellect because we adore illusions to maintain our normal dreadful existence? would he remember the sounds of my steps behind him on the rocks? my addiction to caffeine generating the need to consume a cup of coffee in every city we visited? My sophisticated preaching about a philosopher or a theory from then and now? my smell? my love of gum?

We walked to escape the present. We refused the motionlessness of modern society. The systematic patterns that enslave you to forget the core of your existence: that there is none. We tried every possible transportation vehicle that existed, but I did like taxis the most.

9:00 pm: we're sitting near each other in a white taxi to get back to Tanger after seeing the cave. Tired from "the walking and talking", we remained silent. Two women got in, he texted:" can I change my place so they can stay near each other "...I answered:" of course, that's nice of you."...a few moments later he wrote: "what about another walk to visit the zoo once we get to Rabat again?".
Now the first thing that came to my mind at the moment was:" and here I thought I was the craziest between us."I was deeply surprised by this explicit exposition of will. Was it that "magical" sensation that is usually introduced in such context? or is it just pure insanity represented as a series of challenges?

11:00 pm, we're on the train again, this time TNR: "the normal road".Even though I was destroyed from fatigue, I couldn't close my eyes for more than five minutes, I watched him from time to time, he seemed unrealistic, like a character from a novel. In fact, everything that was happening seemed that way. On the road, he modified his demand a little bit, he looked at me with that previous look of him and suggested traveling to Agadir instead of the visit. In the beginning, I refused...but eventually I accepted. Then I started asking myself the same questions over and over: Why the fuck would a reasonable person with extreme malaise at the moment spend about three days without sleep and rest? and why did I accept such a thing? Something changed in the plot. It was no longer a wave of adolescent and irresponsible excitement, but something more complicated seemed to occur.

5:00 am: Rabat is empty from everything but that same magic we left behind us that night, we walked like two homeless people, waiting for the sun to rise. It was again-hilariously enough- amusing. Even the silence was amusing. We waited for boredom to get introduced so we can sleep and decline the play that was going on. But this never happened.

8:00 am: we're drinking warm coffee in the cold weather, near the station. After finishing, we took a bus to Agadir. The most elegant bus with maximum comfort: "Globus (excellent)".Except that it wasn't excellent at all.

Chapitre III: Decay

Day III: Agadir

An unpleasant change of weather occurred, suddenly, everything becomes hot. A suffocating temper was flowing around mixed with the screams of the passengers: people and animals combined. The road was unusual, the bus reached isolated places that seemed like a discovery for me, it was the longest trip of my life, even though it wasn't, but it felt like it.
Every hour seemed like a year or two, but that was interesting though. It was a whole new nature, with a considerable amount of dust in comparison with Tanger, fewer trees, and a lot of warm breaths.
We consumed words and ideas. However, I still had the feeling of a lack of knowledge. He was still an incomplete person for me, and I doubt that he could feel the inverse towards me as well. We still were total strangers, and even after months, We'll still be. There might be certain retardation that makes full communication between two such entities impossible to realize.No matter how excessively the language is used, the gestures, the smiles, the looks, the very few salty tears you can't control...It is never enough.

Some people live with such foibles their entire lives, that's why very often-as an exuberant ritual- I walk alone around the city. This is the only perfect and non-exorbitant delight I could find.

5:30 pm, we arrived at Agadir, as two respectful demolished dogs who spent hours discovering their lovely country, and a large number of places, cultures, and traditions. I had a decentralized ache around my whole body, But the pleasure of our fancy madness was still dominating. We went to a traditional market, and I can't remember why, but it was something.

By that time, we could constitute an attitude of caring towards each other, he was taking good care of me, we were somehow...dependent. We shared every single thing we ate. So in case of contamination, the chances of illness are gonna be equally divided. And that wasn't for a romantic reason at fucking all, it was just so that no one gets fooled. But it felt good, the "sharing" process.

I hated Agadir, even with all the possibilities of joy's creation it offers, I could find only a few. Maybe there were some psychological reasons behind that constant malaise. But I couldn't tell.

By the evening, we reached our limits, we could no longer move and operate as normal citizens, we could collapse at any second...and we did.
9:30 pm, we had a drastic fight due to some ideological preferences, communication limitations, and common sense.

The scene was extremely hilarious: Two young people sitting on the ground near the station. I watched him while taking his shoes off and laying on the soil. We were exhausted, physically and mentally. We seemed to evoke the most painful memories about our lives. As two old and desperate whores we seemed. We -the most courageous and interesting souls ever met- were...sad...weak...and tired. I-who disliked drama the most- found myself within the most dramatic context at all. But this wasn't that bad.
The last thing I remember from that night, is me, looking at him with sharpness and equanimity. Without a single word, I put the AirPods he dropped while walking away inside his pocket, I turned around, and got on the bus to get back to Rabat.
He bought a ticket on the same bus I took, so he can be sure of my safety.
5:00 am: we're in Rabat again.I got off the bus and decided never to look back again.

We made a deal in Tanger, we decided that once our trip is over we won't be knowing each other anymore, it's strange, but it is something that only he and I, could understand. Perhaps because we shared a slight air of social retardation. I- personally-never broke the deal.
We never met again.

The end.

Appendix

In a parallel universe: we went to Agadir again, on a bus that was called:" the land of butterflies", and surprisingly enough...their symbol which was on the tickets was "a butterfly". We had the habit to travel at night to avoid the suffocating weather. We watched the stars, wild and clear. Every mile was an advancement toward a poetic view full of beauty and lucidity...We went to a city filled with trees and flowers, big trees. We ate Lebanese food, and italien pizza chez un mec qui s'appelle "Mehdi". We breathed the cleanest air in Morocco...We met a guy -with a long beard that made him look like a terrorist- around 3:00 am, and he asked us for a phone call...We rent a parasol for about twenty dirhams and watched the beach sparkling under the sunlight...We walked at a variable speed that was orchestrated with the music we were listening to. Silent, we looked at each other and smile while the music was played louder than expected... A cruel rain was falling like bullets above our heads, we ran looking for a roof, then we met a lonely homeless on the street, drunk he said: "you guys better stay here until it stops"...he stopped talking for a few seconds and continued while addressing him and smiling a warm smile I will never forget: "I'm just like you...I have no home, I live on "Raybi" and I'm happy".

We could've stayed the whole night...tumbling from cold, starving like dogs-streets, just to get to the other moment when we smell the other person's soul around.

But at the same time, being near me felt like Zeno's paradox...how can you reach a person when you're sure that there is infinite space between you?

The answer is simple:

You don't.

This fable is a symphony, played -as understood- only by those who were never good enough for being musicians, and never bad enough, for abandoning the cause.

The narrator.